

Only.

It was only a robin,  
With crimson breast,  
Singing gay songs  
To his wife on her nest;  
But a fatal stone,  
From a careless hand,  
Broke the fondest heart  
In Robin-land.

It was only a lily,  
With heart of gold,  
Left to droop and die  
In the garden mold.

But the child who had watched it  
With tender care,  
Shed many a tear  
O'er the lily fair.

It was only a baby,  
With closed blue eyes,  
Laid down to rest  
Beneath summer skies;  
But she who would gladly  
Have died to save,  
Buried her heart  
In her baby's grave.

**A SPELLING MATCH.**

The fire-light made fantastic shadows in old Farmer Dobson's kitchen; it flickered up and down on the huge brown rafters, and on the great dresser where the quaint willow-ware dishes were arranged, and where Mrs. Dobson's wonderful wealth of tin-ware was arrayed in shining ranks. A great far-corned, shadow-haunted kitchen of the old-fashioned type, one of the generous, provident, open-hearted kind that is passing away with the woods it helped to devour.

We have more economical arrangements coming in fashion, even in the old country-houses, now, but there are none so full of evening witchery, so care-beguiling and heartsome, as the old wood fire.

What elfish pranks it played that night! How it reddened old Farmer Dobson's smoking-cap, and shone on his good wife's spectacles, and tinted Job's high cheekbones and sleek black hair, as he sat in the off corner bending obtusely over his book, utterly absorbed, as a man might be who had so little time to explore the mysteries of Webster, and who was to take part in the spelling match to-night.

Job was Farmer Dobson's farm hand—a tall, strong, patient fellow, of all this winter that we had got to using him like a big mastiff, who might be dangerous, but under ordinary circumstances could be safely teased and tormented to the top of our bent. A mist gathered in my eyes as I looked across the great kitchen to where he sat unconscious, plodding away at his task. I thought of our glib and easily acquired learning, and of poor Job's hard struggle for life, and I pitied Job.

Yes, I pitied him; but yet, nevertheless, as I saw him stooping so profoundly by the light of the witching fire, heedless of the shadow and shine of the room, an imp of mischief—perhaps one of the pranksome elves gesticulating in the chimney-corner—got possession of me. I arose softly, and gliding over to where he sat, sprinkled the absorbed student with a shower of eau-de-Cologne, and putting the vial quickly in my pocket, walked demurely back to my seat. The start Job gave, and the flush on his face as he returned to his book, were comical. That Cologne was Abijah Plummer's present, and I shouldn't have wasted it, perhaps, and perhaps Job didn't like Cologne. He shut the book presently, and sat with his shoulders stooped and his head drooping, looking into the fire.

Well, as I have said, we were to have a spelling match that night, not our first one by any means; but the old folks had put their heads together to give us a prize this time, a beautiful set of blue-and-gold poets, six dainty little volumes that stood gleaming in the fire-light on the round table in the place of honor along with the great gilt-edged family Bible.

The young people dropped in one by one, shaking off the snow as they came in, for there had been a light snow-fall that evening, which made us all the merrier. By-and-by the great kitchen was filled up, the candles were lit, Farmer Dobson laid aside his pipe, the school-master straightened his necktie, and grabbed the big Webster before him, and we all became properly impressed with the importance of the occasion, though there was a general nudging of elbows and a sly grimace as big, sly Job joined the class. But Job was used to our merry-making, and took no notice of it.

Round and round went the spelling—big words and little words, with treacherous e's and a's lying in wait in unexpected places, and words without u's, and words with odd h's, and all the delectable dictionary dreadfulness that lies in wait to trip up the unwary. And one after another our champions were spelled down, and Job actually stood his ground against half a dozen well-schooled fellows. All his face was kindled with eagerness, and the dull and plodding look habitual to him had disappeared. The spelling was waking him up. But there sat Abijah Plummer, who didn't join in the match—Abijah Plummer, the well-to-do beau of the village, who had no need, mayhap, of book-learning. There he sat and laughed at Job's excitement. I saw an uneasy light in Job's eyes, as if he were being severely tried. The spelling match was kindling him to the center, it seemed.

A few words more were yet on the list, and there lay the beautiful books, smiling and shining on us.

"Beautiful!" gave out the school-master, and Abijah laughed as Job got up to spell it. Job looked at Abijah, and began, "Be—n—" and there was a general scream of laughter.

"Darn it!" said Job between his teeth, "what can a fellow do with a fool like that grinning at him?" The mastiff was shaking himself up, and I trembled for Abijah.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

"Order!" said the school-master, and gave out the word again.

It was my turn. I don't know, as I say, what imp possessed me this evening, but I stood up and spelled the word with a vim, just as if I didn't care one jot for Job's defeat, and before I knew it the blue-and-gold prize was put into my hands. Then I looked at Job, and could have cried.

But everyone was merry, and all were talking and chatting and laughing as we broke up and said good night. I wanted to speak to Job, but there stood Abijah in the doorway with my shawl in his hands, waiting to see me home, and I only nodded to Job as he stood at the gate with his lantern to show us the path. One after another the merry party disappeared down the snowy road and the winding lanes. Abijah and I were the last.

"I'll see you down the creek," said Job, humbly; "it's a rough road to-night."

And without another word he stalked on ahead, his lantern gleaming after him.

We did not say much either, Abijah and I, for we were floundering through the soft, thick-falling snow, and somehow it seemed awkward to be walking in Job's lantern light.

Presently we came down to the creek, where every angle of rock and every elbow of gnarled tree was flecked softly with snow, and the creek, which I had crossed a day or two before on my visit to Farmer Dobson's, ran below, gray and far, an unfamiliar stream, with downy, treacherous banks shutting it in—a strange, white fantasy. Over it two stout planks, crossing a few inches apart, served as a bridge. They were rounded and slippery-looking to-night, and one of them had a slight warp, as if weather-stained.

Abijah stood a moment on the bank surveying it.

"It's dangerous crossing that," he said. "I declare, Jennie, I don't like the look of it."

The night was gray and soft and still, and all about us fell the snow, which seemed to be creating itself out of the feathered and shadowy underbrush, and the white, quiet atmosphere. The scene was so strange and weird that I felt a moment's hesitation; the next instant the imp which had possessed me all the evening set my blood dancing with mischief.

"I promised to be home to-night," said I, sliding Abijah's lantern hand, and with a mocking, dancing step I skipped upon the planks.

Abijah stood still on the margin and looked at me. Job stood still also, one moment, and holding up his lantern, looked at Abijah.

Then he said, sarcastically, "By your leave, Mr. Plummer; this is a bridge for two, and if you've no mind to be getting over, I'll step along myself."

And it was Job's hand that, touching me timidly, steadied my fool-hardy steps, and Job's lantern that flickered over the plank banks beyond and the deep creek below that treacherous plank. Half-way across I felt a strange quiver, as if the heart of the thing were being broken, and my own heart leaped up with sudden terror, a despairing cry, a whirl of darkness and chaos, and I felt the bridge totter and crash, and thought I was being swept away into annihilation. Some strong arm grasped me then, not tenderly, but with a clutch that roused every faculty, and, trembling, conscious, struggling for life, I found myself clinging to the slippery edge of the other plank, with Job holding fast by my raiment, as we hung for a moment in peril together, while the lantern floated away speedily below the debris.

Job speedily regained some sort of footing, and slipping, sliding, by slow and painful effort, we reached the other side.

I believe I laughed then when I came to myself, shook out my snow-encumbered garments, and looking down, saw Job's faithless lantern gleaming like a little fire-fly away out of reach, and felt sure that Abijah Plummer was still watching on the other side.

Job stretched out over the brink, looked down at the useless lantern, and shook his fist, perhaps at the invisible Abijah.

"Job, oh, Job," I said, taking his hand, "I'm sorry I spelled 'beautiful' to-night." I did not laugh now. I was full of a strange excitement.

"Who had a right to spell such a word but you, Jennie?" answered Job, gravely.

"But I—I've lost the books, Job."

"I've lost something, too," said Job.

We stood still for a moment and looked at each other. And there was that in Job's face which never shines but once in any human face, and which all men and all women know when they see it.

Then Job roused up and said, lightly, "Will you get along the rest of the way without Abijah Plummer?"

"All the rest of my life," I replied.

Then Job had often said to me, softly, as we sat in the twilight, "They can't say I didn't win a prize at the spelling match."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A mule, a wash tub, and a fine comb are considered a fine bridal outfit in Florida.

Obituary.

Perry N. Richardson, son of Reuben F. and Lucena Richardson, was born in the town of Albion, in this county, July 12, 1826. In 1847 he was married to Miss Lovina Ormsby, who now most deeply mourns his death. About five years ago he was stricken with paralysis, which affected his entire side, from which he never recovered. On the first day of June last he left home to visit his only child (Mrs. Taylor), near Fort Dodge, Iowa. He arrived safely there, and was enjoying his visit, when he was taken suddenly ill, lingered a few days, and died June 29th. The following day his funeral occurred with appropriate services, and his remains were placed in the cemetery at Fort Dodge. His funeral obsequies were also observed in the old church in Colosse, on the 8th inst., participated in by many relatives, who keenly felt the sudden stroke, and a large concourse of mourning neighbors, who miss him as a brother.

He was bred by religious parents (the mother still surviving him), and while yet a boy he became interested in their religion, and became a member of the church. Although, like Bunyan, he fell into Doubting Castle, he was always interested in the prosperity of the church. When repairs were being made upon the old church in this place, Perry always seemed a large stockholder. He would staff up to the church and help by holding one end of the stick, and offering encouraging suggestions. The physical man was but a wreck, yet he was full of the spirit of enterprise, and zealous in every good work. No public or religious gatherings in his vicinity were complete without Perry's presence. He was loved by all who knew him for his honest, generous, genial and eccentric spirit. We miss him at our homes, for he used to come and chat a while; we miss him in the sanctuary, for he was accustomed to be there; but we shall not forget him, for he was like a brother to all of us.

Rest, Perry, rest from all the ills of life;  
Thy staff is laid aside. Thou needest it not now.

E. D. PHILLIPS.  
Colosse, N. Y., July 26, 1875.

The following extracts from a letter from his daughter will tell the story of his last sickness and death. E. D. P.

Wednesday Afternoon.

To my dearest Mother, Grandmother and all:—I sit down to write with a heart full of sorrow for the dear ones who were not permitted to be with the loved departed in his last moments.

What comfort can I offer more than to ask you to look to that dear Father above to help you to bear this great trial. I am even now feeling more cheerful, believing the earnest prayers I have offered that you might say and feel that it was "God's will and it is mine." I cannot complain at this strange dispensation. When I saw he was near the end, I felt that God had answered my prayer that there might not be any struggle with death at last. Never did the breath leave the body more peacefully or easier. He simply went to sleep—not a groan—not a sound. And the other part of the prayer was that he might be happy in his new-found home, and if the face was the type of the feeling, it was all peace. The countenance was so happy and peaceful in death, that we all felt that years of suffering must have been exchanged for something better.

The funeral services were held at the house this morning at 9½ o'clock. His body was laid away in the cemetery at Fort Dodge, and though he had been with us but a little time, kind and sympathizing friends did it as kindly and tenderly as those dear ones far away could have done. The minister, who conducted the services, read several passages of Scriptures, two familiar hymns were sung, and a prayer offered—an earnest, feeling one, full of sympathy for us all. May God in his mercy bless the dead and the living. Father is only just a little before us.

I have of course felt concerned about him every time he complained the least, as I thought disease had marked him, but did not think the call had come until about 11 A. M. last Saturday. We telegraphed for the doctor. When he came, about 6 P. M., all he could tell us was that his circulation was not right. He considered it a case that no medical man could ever successfully treat; that it was a wonder to him that a man so racked in every part, had lived for the last few years. He thought death was upon him. He might be dead in one minute or he might live an hour, or even a day, or linger a week. The doctor gave him something to quiet his nerves and start circulation, and we got ice to quench the terrible thirst that followed him ever since he began to grow worse. He soon fell asleep, and never actually awoke. He suffered no pain, only complained of a strange feeling in his stomach and bowels. He slept all Saturday night, only wanting to be moved, or would move himself and call for more ice. He knew us and when he was awake, could talk as rationally as ever. He sank every moment, and at about four o'clock in the morning we thought him dying. Through the day, whenever he was awake, he knew those that were near him, would speak to them and fall asleep talking.

Sunday night three of us sat up with him. He knew us to the last moment. The lame leg and ankle commenced bloating Saturday night, and by Sunday morning both were very full, and we could not get them warm.

When he died his face, left hand and limbs and feet, especially the left limb, were quite full, but afterwards nearly all of it left his face.

Ever since he came here his stomach has seemed to be in a bad condition. He cleansed it thoroughly, after which his breath was the best that it had been for years, and he had quite an appetite. We were in hopes he would become quite strong.

Our boy had picked quite a quantity of strawberries on Monday, and we were to have a short-cake for supper. He seemed to feel that it was to be a great treat. He ate supper with us, (I had usually got him an early supper,) and ate heartily. The next morning he did not feel very well, complained of his stomach, and we all thought the supper was the cause of it. Did not eat much in the morning. During the forenoon he said, "We must write to ma that I am still improving and tell how smart I am." As he started out to the barn that morning he said as he lifted his feet high, "Ain't I quite a traveler?" He said he would commence the letter and see why you did not write (it worried him some I think), and tell you about his boys. I said, "Shall I get the paper, etc., for you now?" "No," he said, "I'll lie down and get rested and write after dinner. After dinner they concluded to draw corn to the depot, and he said to Earl, "If you are going and I can ride, I'll go over too." He went to the depot and spent some time there, apparently enjoying it very much. He said to me, "I am going again to-morrow, and will take you with me." He ate a hearty supper.

The next morning he said he passed a restless night, and that his stomach felt bad again. We both concluded that the supper did not agree with him. He did not eat much that day. It did not seem to tire him to ride and all his trouble seemed to be with his stomach. Friday morning about two o'clock, he called to me for some cold water as he was very thirsty, and seemed to have a terrible inward fever. But in the morning he thought he had slept most of the time. He did not eat much, and what he did take seemed to make him sick, but the stomach did not or could not throw it up. Saturday morning he looked sick. Slept about as usual. Friday night perhaps not quite as well. Said he was in no pain though through the night. He grew worse and towards noon vomited quite easily, but all the nourishment he had taken he threw up. His mouth was dry, and he still had that internal fever.

We felt that whatever it was that had come so suddenly upon him, must end suddenly; that he would probably die before you could possible come, and that we had better see what the doctor said first. After he said that father might linger a few days, we thought best at the earliest possible period to telegraph, which we did Monday morning. I suppose you received it after he died. I tried to devise some plan so as to keep his remains until you could come, but the weather was too warm.

He has gone. Died far away from home and most of his friends; but we did all that could have been done. It was a pleasure to me to know that I could wait on him, and I have spent every moment of time I could spare in visiting with father, as also has Earl. If pa had been Earl's own father, he could not have done more than he has, or done it more willingly. When he was so lame he said no one ever handled him so near right as did Earl. E. says that one of the greatest comforts he has, is to think that he could and did do it. Father seemed a little restless about noon the day he died, and Earl moved him a little. He looked Earl in the eye and said, though he could scarce speak, "You are a good fellow."

Sunday night he commenced calling different ones of the family, and from that time seemed conversing with some one until the very last. Sunday morning I tried to talk with him, but he could not control his mind long enough. Then he called Reuben very loud, and Aunt Nick, Alfred, Delia. I think he had Uncle Alfred Calkins and all of them on his mind then. His last call were for Grandfather Richardson and Uncle Dayton. He also spoke of Mary Wells, Roxana and other.

The two hymns sung at the funeral were, "From every stormy wind that blows" and "And what this body die." The passages of Scripture read were from the 7th chapter of Job, 1st to 12th verse; from Psalms xc, 1st to 13th verses, and from James iv, 14, 15. I thought the chapter in Job very appropriate.

No doubt the Jappiest dogs that ever lived were the two taken aboard of Noah's Ark, for they had but one pair of fleas between them.

A little girl reading the History of England with her mother, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, looked up and said, "What did he do when he was tickled?"

And That's the Way He Felt.

He had a wooden leg, three fingers were gone from the left hand, and he had to use a crutch. In the dusk of the evening he sat down on a dry goods box on the street corner, and striking the ground with his crutch, he exclaimed:

"Well, old pard, the war's over! Gimme your hand—shake hard!"

He shook the crutch with hearty good will, and continued:

"There's no more Reb—no more Yank! We're all Americans, and standing shoulder to shoulder—South Carolina alongside Massachusetts—we can kick the boots off'n any nation under the sun!"

He waited awhile and then went on: "No more skirmishes—no more fouts. Uncle Robert is dead, Gen. Grant wants peace, and they're melting swords and bayonets to make cotton mill machinery! We're about through camping out, old pard, and we hain't sorry—not a bit!"

He leaned the crutch against the box, lifted his wooden leg, and said:

"Lost a good leg up at Fredericksburg when I was under Barksdale, and Burnside thought he could whip old Uncle Robert and Stonewall Jackson together! But wasn't it hot that day, when the Yanks laid their pontoons and got up and got for us! And when we got up and got for them, wasn't it red hot?"

He stopped to ponder for a while, and his voice was softer as he said:

"But I forgive 'em! I took the chances—and lost. I'm reaching out now to shake hands with the Yank who shot me, and I'll divide my tobacco half and half with him! It was a big war. Yank and Reb stood right up and showed pluck, but it's time to forgive and forget."

He cut a chew off his plug, took off his battered hat and looked at it, and continued:

"Didn't we all come of one blood? Hain't we the big American nation? Isn't this here United States the biggest plantation on the river, and is there a nation in the world that dares knock the chip off our shoulder?"

"Maryland, my Maryland, Michigan, my Michigan."

He put down his leg, looked at his crippled hand, and soliloquized:

"Three fingers gone—hand used up, but I'm satisfied. Folks who go to war expect to feel like this. As for the Yanks, they stood up to us—it was a fair fight, and we got flected. Two fingers hain't as good as five, but they are good enough to shake hands with! Come up here, you Yanks, and grip me! We raise cotton down here—you raise corn up there—let's trade."

He lifted his crutch, struck it down hard, and went on:

"Durn a family who'll fight each other. We've got the biggest and best country that ever laid out doors, and if any foreign despot throws a club at the American eagle, we'll shoulder arms and shoot him in the middle of next week!"

He sat and pondered while the shadows grew deeper, and by and by he said:

"There's lots of graves down here—there's heaps of war orphans up North; I'm crippled up and half sick, but I'm going to get up and hit the one who dares say a word ag'n either. We've got through fighting—we're shaking hands now, and durn the man who says a word to interrupt the harmony! It's one family—ole Uncle Sam's boys and gals and babies, and we're going to live in the same house, eat at the same table, and turn out bigger crops than any other ranch on the globe!"

He rose up to go, rapped on the box with his crutch, and continued:

"Resolved, that this glorious old family stick right together in the old homestead for the next million years to come!"—*Vicksburg Herald.*

A Boy's Singing.

The Burlington Hawk-Eye writes of the descriptive small boy: "Passing by one of the city schools he listened to the scholars' singing, 'Oh, how I love my teacher.' There was one boy with a voice like a tornado, who was so enthusiastic that he emphasized every word, and roared, 'Oh, how I love my teacher dear!' with a vim that left no doubt of his affection. Ten minutes after that boy had been stood on the floor for putting shoemaker's wax on his teacher's chair, got three demerit marks for drawing a picture of her with red chalk on the back of an atlas, been well shaken for putting a bent pin in another boy's chair, scolded for whistling out loud, sentenced to stay after of school for drawing an ink smudge on his face and blacking the end of another boy's nose, and soundly whipped for snapping 339 spit balls up against the ceiling, and throwing a big one into a girl's ear. You can't believe half a boy says when he sings."

The famous French surgeon Ricord, recently had a corn extracted by an operator in the neighborhood. After the operation the great surgeon drew from his pocket a 20-franc piece. "Oh, sir," cried the chiropodist with emotion, while declining the money, "there is no charge between professional brothers."

Learn a Trade.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength last, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—news-paper work, job work, book work and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is as a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing-office or artisan's bench, or if you please to the farm—for, to be sure, true farming is a trade and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that, branch off into whatever profession you please.

You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday, he went to his master and told him his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the great merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him:

"Very well. Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade; and when you have made a perfect barrel, bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make.

Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him:

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come you have a good trade always in reserve."

The young man saw the wisdom, and understood.

Years ago when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greeley wrote:

"It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at type setting or farming, and blockheads, taking offense at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poor-house."

And so may a man become truly independent.

Birds at Prayer.

Rev. W. C. Prime, in his "I go a Fishing," relates the following curious custom of birds:

"A—birds yonder have, beyond question, means of exchanging ideas." You would think so if you saw them at prayers. 'Wha-at?' 'Yes; at prayers. It isn't anything less. There are birds of every country under the whole heavens, and with voices as various as the languages of men, and you hear what a wild concert of delight they keep up all the day long. But every day this entire group of birds assemble in silence, and if it isn't a prayer-meeting, I don't know what it is. There is no forewarning that we can detect. While they are all chattering, singing, playing here, there, and everywhere, suddenly one of them, sometimes one, sometimes another, utters a peculiar call, totally distinct from his ordinary note. Whatever bird it is, the call is much the same, and instantly every bird stops his play and his noise. They gather in rows on the perches, shorten their necks so as to almost sink their heads into their feathers, and make no motion of wing, head or foot, for a space of thirty minutes, and often longer. It is almost a daily occurrence. Ordinarily, you can not approach the aviary without frightening some of the birds and producing a sharp commotion; but while this exercise is going on, nothing disturbs them. They are birds of every land and climate, as you see: but this is their custom, and no one fails to attend, or behaves ill in meeting. You may think it something like mesmerism, for the leader keeps up his curious call-note throughout the service. The instant it is ended, they break up with a shout of delight, and rush around singing and having a jolly time of it, as if thoroughly refreshed."

A family at Hamilton, Mo., has the peculiarity of bleeding profusely at the nose, or upon being slightly wounded. Many of its members in former generations and recently, have died of loss of blood set flowing by some trivial cause. A local legend is as follows: "In Salem, witchcraft times a sea captain brought his wife and little girl to town, leaving them with a Spanish nurse, who was a quick-tempered woman, and being annoyed by the peevishness of the child, deliberately bled her to death by opening a vein in her arm at intervals, threatening meanwhile with instant death if she told. The mother, after the death of the child, found out the cause, and fell into a decline, cursing with her latest breath her child's murderer, and predicting the same death to all her male descendants."

New England is infested with tramps—such fellows as eat at the free soup houses and sleep at the police stations in the cities during the winter. They will not work when the chance is offered. In several places the authorities set them at work sweeping the streets in payment for food and lodging, and the result is a riddance of vagrants.

The following advertisement appeared in an English newspaper: "Wanted, immediately, for spring planting, 10,000 dock and 10,000 thistle seeds, to enable me to leave my farm as I would wish, and according to the provisions of the new Tenant Right bill, as drawn up by the Chamber of Agriculture, to enable tenant farmers to do justice to their landlords."

When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it.

Nothing is more annoying to the traveler by rail than a hot box. It is an annoyance to the conductor, too, and he anxiously surveys the process of reducing the temperature, while the passengers look on and boss the job. They offer more suggestions as to the best method of doing the work than are at all necessary, but in most cases the workmen do not mind them, keeping on with the only plan known to them, stuffing in tallow and throwing on water until the axle is brought to its natural temperature. Boxes become hot from a neglect to oil them sometimes, but it would seem that excessive heating could be prevented, and the loss and danger of stopping avoided by taking hold of the matter in time. To this end lengths of hose, such as are used in watering green houses, could be run through the cars and water from the tender turned on; a small nozzle would direct a stream of sufficient force to reach the hot axle from the nearest step or platform, and any incipient heating checked before it had gone too far. The pressure due to the head of water in the tender would suffice for force, and the consumption would not be great.

A Foot Lamp.

One of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere in daily life, the things that illustrate the word of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out at night without a light. Throw open your lattice in the evening and look out, and you will see what seem to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the clatter of sandals, as the late traveler rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to make his step a safe one. In an instant the voice comes to your memory, written in that same city three thousand years ago—"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

As Mrs. Wilson, formerly Augusta J. Evans, is about to publish a new novel, we give a specimen of her style: In one of her books, where a heroine bends over a dying adored one, and asks, "Can I do anything for you, my beloved, in this agonizing hour?" He responds: "Yes, my angel. Go to yonder shelf, (pointing with pallid finger to the library shelves in the corner), and, selecting the proper volume, bring it hither, and read to me, in the original Greek, Proculus' letter to Agathocles."

A citizen who was driving along the Jackson road the other day, says a Vicksburg paper, saw a man up a tree near the roadside, and halting, he inquired: "What are you doing up there?" The man made no reply, and the citizen continued: "What's the cause of your being up there?" At that moment a woman rose up from the fence corner, rested a club on the fence, and remarked: "I'm the cause, stranger, and if you'll wait till he comes down you'll see the cause. He's in a damned awful state ever laid out of doors!" The citizen drove on, and she turned to the man up the tree and continued: "Polhemus, I can't climb, and you know it; but if you'll drop down here for two minutes I'll give you a quitclaim deed of the farm."

The other evening, when a Vicksburg mother had company, and her six-year-old son made himself disagreeably conspicuous, she silently warned him to leave the room. Instead of obeying, he walked up to one of the ladies and inquired: "Misses, can't you stay here all night?" "Why, what do you mean?" she asked. "If you'll stay mother won't dare lick me; if you don't she'll make me hop." It was affecting to see his mother lift him up, kiss him repeatedly, and blandly inform the ladies "it was only his cute way."

A strange affair happened a short time ago at the Hotel Kong Carl, in Christiania, Norway. Two German brothers, arrived by the steamer at Christiania, and took apartments in the Hotel Kong Carl. In the night a terrible noise was heard in the room occupied by the two brothers; chairs, tables, and other furniture were thrown about, and some even out of the windows. The other lodgers rushed to the room, when the door was suddenly opened, and one of the Germans, armed with a poignard, struck the nearest gentleman a fearful blow in the abdomen, after which he closed the doors again. The noise lasted a few minutes longer, and then all became quiet. When the police entered shortly afterward both brothers were found dead, with their throats cut, the elder having cut his murdered brother, the younger one and then cut his own throat. About £90 in Prussian money was found in their possession, and, according to the information received from Germany, this money is part of the proceeds of a robbery effected shortly before their departure from Lubek.

New England is infested with tramps—such fellows as eat at the free soup houses and sleep at the police stations in the cities during the winter. They will not work when the chance is offered. In several places the authorities set them at work sweeping the streets in payment for food and lodging, and the result is a riddance of vagrants.

The following advertisement appeared in an English newspaper: "Wanted, immediately, for spring planting, 10,000 dock and 10,000 thistle seeds, to enable me to leave my farm as I would wish, and according to the provisions of the new Tenant Right bill, as drawn up by the Chamber of Agriculture, to enable tenant farmers to do justice to their landlords."

When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it.



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## Church Work Among Deaf-Mutes of Northern New York.

Bishop Doane visited Trinity Church, Potsdam, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 20th of July. The Rev. Thos. B. Berry, of Granville, N. Y., interpreted the service for the benefit of fifteen deaf-mutes who were present from this and neighboring towns. The Rev. Mr. Berry, of Granville, N. Y., interpreted the service for the benefit of fifteen deaf-mutes who were present from this and neighboring towns. The Rev. Mr. Berry, of Granville, N. Y., interpreted the service for the benefit of fifteen deaf-mutes who were present from this and neighboring towns.

The occasion was one of deep interest, not only to the deaf-mutes themselves, but also to the crowded congregation.

It is proposed to make Potsdam a center of church work among the deaf-mutes in the northern part of the Diocese. The next service for the deaf-mutes will probably be held in October. The Rector would be glad to communicate with any who are interested in this project and willing to aid him in carrying it out. He knows now of twenty-eight deaf-mutes in and about Potsdam, and hopes to learn the whereabouts of others. Address, Rev. F. R. Howard, Potsdam, New York.

Letter from Rev. Thomas B. Berry.

TRINITY CHURCH, GRANVILLE, N. Y., July 27th, 1875.

MY DEAR RECTOR:—Although retired to country life I trust you do not consider me lost to the deaf-mute community in general. I still find enough to do to keep myself in practice in signs, and will now give your readers a short account of a trip I took recently. The Rev. W. Wynne, Rector of St. Paul's chapel, Troy, where we hold our deaf-mute services, spent nearly a week with me after the Fourth. I went down with him on July 9th, and held the usual monthly service. I missed several—Miss Clapp, whose removal from Troy is a great loss to the work there; Mr. Saxton who was absent on his summer ramble, and others.

The same night I took a "sleeper" for New York, and had breakfast with our friend, Dr. Gallaudet, who always compels me to make his house my headquarters when in New York. I preached for him on Sunday, the 11th, and conducted the afternoon service for deaf-mutes, thus giving him an opportunity to go and hold his monthly service in Brooklyn. Late in the evening I met the doctor and his wife in Brooklyn, where we were very pleasantly entertained at a gentleman's house.

I was sorry not to have been able to stay at the picnic, but it was well I got off, as on my return home, just as I got off the cars, our church bell was tolling for the death of a parishioner whom I left sick the week before. On Tuesday, the 20th, I went to Potsdam to assist at a confirmation service, with the consent of the Rector of Trinity church, and at the request of the Very Rev. Dr. Pennell, Archdeacon of that diocese. In the afternoon, at the church, I met a class of some seventeen deaf-mutes, to whom I spoke for an hour and a half, and in the evening I interpreted the service and the Bishop's sermon. Two deaf-mutes were baptized and four confirmed. Potsdam will be a centre in the Diocese for deaf-mute mission work, and Dr. Pennell proposes holding a quarterly service there. This privilege was highly appreciated by the deaf-mutes, some of whom had not been to a sign service in 27 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart, Mr. Knight and several others had a very pleasant gathering at the house of Mr. J. H. Winslow, where the Potsdam people sent all kinds of good things for their refreshment.

The deaf-mutes of that section seem to be doing well and all are supporting themselves.

I am glad to see the JOURNAL so well appreciated. It is always a welcome visitor here. Wishing you every success, I am yours sincerely,

THOMAS B. BERRY.

## A Trip to the Thousand Islands.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., July 22, 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would like to give your readers an account of the trip I enjoyed down the river St. Lawrence among the Thousand Islands, on last Saturday and Sunday. My friend and myself, being respectively a railroad conductor and clerk, made up our minds to enjoy a ride on the steamer Faxton, and visit the places where the deaf-mutes attending the Watertown Convention will go on an excursion to Alexandria Bay.

From Cape Vincent to Alexandria Bay it was very lovely, as we were among the islands in their full summer glory. I was so much impressed with the beauty and loveliness of them that it would, I think, be impossible for me to describe them to any mute who has never visited the picturesque portion of this great river. I must say that the islands must be seen to be appreciated. I would advise all deaf-mutes anxious to visit these islands to come to the Watertown Convention, and enjoy together the excursion among the beautiful scenery of this river, as it will be their best opportunity for visiting, not only the islands, but the handsome cottages that have been built upon them.

The steamer stopped at Clayton, a beautiful village and quite a popular resort. It commands a fine view of the islands. After leaving Clayton we went upon the deck of the boat to have a better view of the surrounding scenery. We passed Wells Island, which is large and pretty, being five miles long by three miles wide. It is called "Thousand Island Park." Several handsome cottages and a church have been completed, and some fine avenues are being laid out. Steamers are carrying large numbers of people there to a Methodist camp meeting, which commenced yesterday and continues till August 9th.

We floated down the river, never ceasing to find something new to admire, until we arrived at Alexandria Bay, at

about 9:30 p. m., where we lunched and retired for the night. Sunday morning we awoke late; there was a drizzling rain, but the clouds broke away at noon, and it was such a pleasant afternoon that several prominent gentlemen from Watertown chartered the little steamer, "Rambler," and inviting us to accompany them, we were all soon scudding down the river. We stopped first at Idlewild Island, where a family from Watertown are camping out. Our next stopping place was Bluffs Island. We climbed to the top to have a full view of the islands. The scenery from here is said to be the most beautiful that can be seen from any of the islands, and indeed, it was magnificent. We hastened up the Canadian side of the channel, stopping at Rockfort a few minutes. We then went around Wells Island and down to the bay.

The islands are very numerous and beautiful, and it is useless for me to attempt to describe them. Those who have never seen them, can have no conception of the grandeur of their scenery. Hoping that all who possibly can, will go on the excursion to them on the 26th of August,

I remain yours as ever,  
C. O. U.

## Exhibition by the Pupils of the Oregon Institution and its Closing Exercises.

(From the Oregon Statesman.)

The exercises incident to the closing of the term at the Deaf-Mute School took place yesterday at the Opera House under the direction of the principal, Rev. P. S. Knight, assisted by the mut teachers, W. S. Smith and J. H. La Rue. The examining Board, consisting of Hon. S. F. Chadwick, Professor B. F. Arnold, of Corvallis, and Rev. T. L. Elliot, of Portland, were present, and the forenoon exercises began shortly after 10 o'clock, there being but a small audience present. Blackboards were erected on the stage, on which the different classes wrote compositions. The teachers would write one more word on the blackboard and then each scholar would write one or more sentences embodying the word or words written by the teacher. The teachers would express a number of ideas by means of signs and the pupils would immediately write them out in grammatical sentences upon the blackboard. Each pupil wrote his or her name, age and residence, one little blue-eyed girl writing "Nellie Davis, Silverton, Marion county, Oregon, 8 years old," while several others had their homes at Portland. Mr. Smith held up the dial of a clock shifting the hands to different points and the pupils readily wrote out the hours and minutes. A class of four young men pupils wrote compositions on the characteristics of different animals. Mr. Smith repeated, in the sign language, the fable of the boy up the apple tree and the old gent throwing stones at him and getting him down, and the class immediately wrote it out on the blackboard. This closed the forenoon exercises and a recess was taken until after dinner.

## AFTERNOON PROCEEDINGS.

The exercises were resumed at 2 o'clock, the hall being comfortably filled by a very attentive audience, composed largely of ladies. The pupils of the Central School were present, in charge of their teachers, Misses Mattie A. Powell and Marie E. Smith. Gov. Grover and many other prominent citizens were also present, and seemed much interested. A class of four of the older pupils came upon the stage; some persons in the audience would ask Mr. Knight a question, which he would convey to the scholars by means of signs, and they would write out the answer. Some of the pupils wrote that before they came to school they were ignorant of God, but now they have learned of Jesus, the Bible, etc. There were some exercises in arithmetic, in which the pupils acquitted themselves with considerable credit. Mr. Knight then gave a brief lecture on the sign language; he said it was a language of nature systematized, and that all deaf-mutes had some means of their own by which they conversed by signs; there was no grammar in the language, and many of the signs were taken from the actions and costumes of men and women; in the sign language, you had to find a lot of signs at a mute, and let him straighten them out himself. New wants would originate new signs.

Chas. M. de l'Epée, a Frenchman, born in 1712, was the father of deaf-mute education, and there are now over 5,000 deaf-mutes in the United States, and about \$3,000,000 employed in sustaining mute institutions. All savages use signs, more or less, and the Chinook word "cheek," for water, originated from the sound a pebble would make when it was cast into the water. A mute could generally make himself better understood among savages than he could among a civilized people. At the conclusion of Mr. Knight's lecture several of the older pupils exhibited their proficiency as mimics, by imitating the actions of those engaged in several trades and professions. Simon Eaton performed the part of a schoolmaster, and went through the giving of most of the boys a sound whaling. Sylvester Slaggs, one of the brightest looking lads in the school, imitated a printer. He stood up at his frame and snatched up type as though he had a lean take, but intended to slap up 1,500 of solid brevity in an hour, then go fishing and put on a sub. Occasionally he would strike a battered letter or a wrong font, which he would sling into the "hell box." Although a beginner, the setting Sylvester didn't seem to wear the skin off his thumb-post. His proof has not been read yet. Jas. L. Elkins preached a sermon—or came as near to it as a dumb person could. Jos. A. Bond imitated a tailor, and took a pinch of snuff between stitches. John T. Elkins took off the granger, and got stung by the bumble-jackets. Arthur M. Walker imitated the shoemaker, and John H. La Rue the woodchopper, both doing very well. Then all performed their

several parts at once—printers, shoemakers, tailors, preachers, etc., pursuing their several vocations in close proximity to each other, and causing much amusement. Some of the pupils then gave pantomimic exhibitions, which caused considerable fun. Although the deaf-mutes are deaf, they have a keen nervous system, and can feel a jar. A person in the audience pronounced the word "flowers." Mr. Smith made a number of taps on a snare drum, and Mr. La Rue wrote out the word on the blackboard, judging it entirely from the jar of the drum. Other words were written in the same manner. Mr. Knight stated that the school needed a library, and hoped it would soon have one. A number of well written compositions were exhibited, which lack of space prevents our reviewing. The exercises closed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated in the sign language by the whole class.

## Oswego County and Neighboring Fairs.

Antwerp Union, Antwerp, Sept. 1, 2 and 3; Brookfield, Madison Co., Sept. 21 and 22; Camden Industrial, Camden, Sept. 16, 17 and 18; Central N. Y., Utica, Sept. one week; Ellisburg, Adams and Henderson, Adams, Sept. 2 and 3; Gouverneur, St. Lawrence county, Sept. 7, 8 and 9; Hamilton, East Hamilton, Madison county, Oct. 5, 6 and 7; Lenox, Oneida, Madison county, Sept. 28 and Oct. 1; Lewis, Lowville, Sept. 15, 16 and 17; Oneida Co., Rome, Sept. five days; Onondaga Northwestern, Baldwinsville, Sept. 15, 16 and 17; Oswego, Mexico, Sept. 7, 8 and 9; Oswego Falls, Sept. 22, 23 and 24; Phoenix Union, West Phoenix, Sept. 20, 21 and 22; Sandy Creek, Richland, Orwell, Sandy Creek, Sept. 15, 16 and 17.

## To the People.

MR. EDITOR:—We saw in your paper of last week a short article, and as it contained the word *ball*, of course we read it very carefully. We are aware that the churchyard is not a suitable place to play ball, but as it is not a private lot, we ventured to play there. We have been forbidden by the people to play in the street, and the Fair Ground has been rented, making that *private property*, and we have one dollar to pay every time we play a game. What are we to do? What have we left? Will you have us lounge around the street when not at work, or will you, with your good will and a small piece of your pocket-book, help us get a place where we can play when we choose? Had we people's good wishes, a place to play where we would not be hunted, we would have an ambitious Base Ball Club that would in no wise make it more dull, or demoralize Mexico in the least. If we ask you for a little money (and a small amount from all interested in youth's pleasure will help us), what will you say?

RESOLUTE.  
[In reply to the above, we would say that, should a subscription be started to procure a play ground for the youth of this village, we will very cheerfully contribute our share of the sum required.—ED. JND.]

## A Card.

To the Republican Electors of the Third Assembly District of Oswego County.

According to the long established custom of Republican usages, of letting each locality, or town in their turn present candidates for public offices, I believe it is generally conceded that the town of Albion is justly and fairly entitled to the presentation of a candidate for member of Assembly at this fall's election. The time has been, especially in some localities, when, for a man to publicly proclaim himself a candidate for office, and ask his friends to support him, would be considered a derogation; but times have changed, in which the pupils acquitted themselves with considerable credit. Mr. Knight then gave a brief lecture on the sign language; he said it was a language of nature systematized, and that all deaf-mutes had some means of their own by which they conversed by signs; there was no grammar in the language, and many of the signs were taken from the actions and costumes of men and women; in the sign language, you had to find a lot of signs at a mute, and let him straighten them out himself. New wants would originate new signs.

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Sand Bank, July 23d, 1875.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.—The fifth volume of the New York Supreme Court Report is just issued from the press, and contains one case of interest to licensed saloon keepers and excise boards. The case was an appeal from the Saratoga Sessions, and was argued at the General Term last December, in the Third Judicial Department. The decision of the Court was unanimous, and was to this effect: That no persons can receive license to sell "strong and spirituous liquors" by small measure, to be drunk on the premises, save keepers of inns or hotels. Other persons can receive such license to sell beer only. This adjudication follows in the same line with previous teachings of Judges Mason, of Ontario; Rumsey, of Steuben; Balcom, of Broome, and other jurists.

—Miss Ella Comstock, granddaughter of E. S. Tieknor of this village, who, ten years ago lost her voice from the effects of a severe attack of diphtheria, on Monday last, after a ten minutes call on Dr. Spinner recovered the full use of her vocal organs, to the great joy of herself and friends.

## Sale of the Syracuse Northern Railroad.

The Syracuse Northern Railroad was sold at public auction in Syracuse, on Saturday, upon a foreclosure of \$200,000 of third mortgage bonds held by the Trust and Deposit Company, of Onondaga. The terms of the sale were cash, and subject to the first mortgage bonds of \$500,000 and the second mortgage bonds of \$400,000. But one bid was made, and that by Marcellus Massey, of \$240,000, at which price the road was sold subject to the above mentioned liens.

The Standard says that the total amount bid for the road, to cover the mortgages, was about \$1,140,000, which, together with some accrued interest, will make the total cost of the road to the new purchasers twelve hundred thousand dollars, which is about all it is worth. This effectually wipes out all the city and town stock, but it is some consolation to know that the road is now in the hands of a strong company who will make all out of it that it is capable of doing. Mr. Massey has issued a circular announcing J. W. Moak as General Superintendent, E. M. Moore, General Freight Agent, H. T. Frary, General Ticket Agent, J. A. Lawyer, Treasurer, and J. W. Brown, Division Superintendent of the road.

## Veterans' Reunion.

The veterans of Oswego County will hold their third annual reunion and picnic at Fulton, Aug. 25th. The picnic is to be held on the Fair grounds, near the beautiful lake Neentahwanta. No pains will be spared to make the day pass off pleasantly, as will be seen by a notice in another column.

The purpose to which the proceeds of these annual reunions are to be devoted—the erection of a soldier's monument—is a worthy one, and should not be forgotten. The picnic at Pulaski last year was a success, and the fund was increased by it, and if a like sum could be raised every year, it would not be long before a fitting monument would commemorate the brave deeds of our dead heroes.

## The Crops, &c.

A correspondent of the Syracuse Standard writes to that paper: The crops throughout Oswego county generally are better than we expected to see them, with the exception of corn, which is small and very backward, and will be a light crop in any event. Oats are good. The hay crop is more than an average, quite as large as last year, and of much better quality. The farmers of Oswego county, for some reason, do not sow wheat. They certainly might if they would adopt a more thorough course of farming, and use more manure and lime, plaster and ashes on their wheat land. The Oswego county farmer mainly relies upon his butter and cheese crop, principally cheese. There are six or seven cheese factories in the town of Mexico alone. It is safe to say that each one yields a return in money of \$20,000 a season in cheese alone. The cheese making season about the first of October, and butter is made during the remainder of the season, by each family for their own use.

DEATH OF ARTHUR SAMPSON.—On Thursday last death entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Sampson and took away their eldest son, Arthur, a young man of excellent character, who had just reached his majority. Last winter Arthur commenced the study of law in the office of Skinner & Wright, in this village, but about the 20th of March was prostrated by disease from which he never recovered. Called to go when life was sweetest, and turning with dread from the dark, cold stream into which he must plunge, he yielded without a murmur, and, trusting in Him who said "I will come again and receive you unto myself," he passed away in Peace. The blow falls heavily upon the parents, brothers and sister, and they have the sympathy of us all.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—On Thursday night of last week a heavy thunder shower occurred. So far as we can learn the only damage done in this vicinity was the killing of two sheep belonging to Mr. Charles Tanner of Boylston, and the demolishing of the chimney, stovepipe, fruit cans, etc., in the cellar of the house of Mr. Andrew Chase.—Mr. Chase's cellar is said to have looked as though a first class earthquake had upheaved its shelves, barrels, boxes, cans of fruit, honey, butter, etc., into a promiscuous pile. —Sandy Creek News.

The latest dodge of confidence men is to enter a store, purchase a trifling article for five cents and throw down a \$10 bill. When change is made the swindler deftly pockets one of the bills, then shoves the change back, produces five cents and says there is no need of breaking the bill after all. The store-keeper chucks the change in the drawer without counting it over, and the swindler takes his \$10 bill and walks off.

The Pulaski Democrat says that "On Monday of last week Mrs. Green, living near Salmon River, thrust a needle deep into her arm. It came in contact with one of the large nerves and so affected it that she was unable to use her fingers. The wound began to swell very rapidly and became very painful. In order to find the needle and remove it, Dr. J. N. Betts, the attending surgeon, was obliged to make a deep incision."

The Fulton Patriot says that the officers of the Oswego Falls Agricultural Society, have made arrangements with Weston, the celebrated walkist, to give an exhibition of his remarkable power as a walker on the grounds of the Society during the Fair. He is to walk around the race course ten times in a single hour, and once out of this number he is to walk entirely around backwoods.

## News of the Week.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a call for the redemption of the remainder of the bonds issued under the act of February 25, 1862.

Fifty mills have been closed at Ashton, England, and 8,000 operatives are thrown out of employment.

Justice Learned of Albany, decides that Contractor Denison cannot be held for contempt for not producing his books and papers before the canal investigating commission.

Light shock of earthquake in Connecticut, on Wednesday.

A specie payment meeting was held in New York, Wednesday night, and delegates appointed to the proposed convention in Cincinnati, in October.

A damaging storm visited Terre Haute, Ind., Tuesday and Wednesday.

Between Putnamville and Cloverdale, Ind., on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago road, Wednesday, the engineer, conductor and brakeman were killed by a train going through a trestle.

Twelve thousand cotton operatives are out of employment at Dundee, Scotland.

The Canadian grain crop is good, fruit below average, roots above the average.

Moody and Sankey have been making a tour in North Wales.

Col. Forney goes to St. Petersburg to induce the Russian government to come to the Philadelphia centennial.

The T. A. Banking Company, N. J., lose \$100,000 by the suspension of Duncan, Sherman and Co.; they lost \$160,000 by the failure of J. Cook.

River pirates set fire to an oil lighter at Jersey City, Wednesday, causing a loss of \$28,000; two pirates perished by the explosion of the lighter.

Brigham Young denies any marriage with Ann Eliza, on the ground that his union to Mary Ann Angel, in Ohio, was his only true marriage.

The accounts of Secretary Spinner for the quarter ending December 31, last, are without an error.

An international camp-meeting begins opposite Brooklyn, Canada, Aug. 25.

An international regatta will be held at Saratoga the last week in August.

Citizens of St. Laurent, British Columbia, have set up a government of their own, declaring, however, their loyalty to the queen.

Having apologized for unparliamentary expressions, Mr. Plimmon has been relieved from reprimand.

In the burning of the dwelling of Senator Kaulbach, at Lauenburg, N. S., Wednesday night, a servant man and woman perished.

Five women were killed during a tornado at Haversburg, Indiana, on the night of the 25th ult.

The Secretary of the Treasury has directed the retirement of \$1,016,472 legal tenders.

A. S. Billings, president of the West Side Gas Company, Chicago, loses \$420,000 by the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

The water in the Mississippi is fifteen inches below high water mark at Memphis.

The English chamber of commerce has passed the English House of Lords.

Three thousand five hundred people attended the ball at Guild Hall, given to foreign visitors by the Lord Mayor of London, Friday night.

Senator Johnson, ex-President of the United States, died at an early hour on Saturday morning at his daughter's residence in Greenville, Tenn. He was attacked Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock with paralysis, and did not speak after he was attacked.

The census of the city and county of New York, which has just been completed, gives the city a population of 1,018,622, an increase of 392,236 in the last ten years.

Judge Barrett has refused to vacate the order of arrest in the civil suit against Tweed for \$3,000,000.

A meeting attended by 10,000 persons was held Sunday at Hyde Park, at which resolutions were passed demanding the release of the Fenian prisoners.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the sale of \$5,000,000 of gold during the current month.

A pitched battle has been fought in Montana Territory between the Sioux and Crow Indians.

The public debt decrease for July was \$1,294,887.36. The Treasury payments on warrants, exclusive of the public debt interest, for July were \$16,287,524.04.

## ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, OSWEGO, OSWEGO COUNTY, N. Y., August 2, 1875.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the statutes of this State and of the unexpired notice of the Secretary of State that an election for State and County Officers, will be held in this county, on the 25th day of September, the first Monday of November next.

HENRY H. LYMAN, Sheriff, STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE COUNTY OF OSWEGO, July 1st, 1875.

To the Sheriff of Oswego County: Sir—Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in this State on the 25th day of September, the first Monday of November next, (November second), the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Diedrich Willers, Jr.; a Comptroller, in the place of Nelson K. Hoplins; a Treasurer, in the place of Thomas Raines; an Attorney-General in the place of Daniel Pratt; a State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Silvanus H. Sweet; a Canal Commissioner, in the place of Reuben W. Stroud; an Inspector of State Prisons in the place of Ezra Graves. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Fifth Judicial District in the place of Leroy Morgan, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next. Also a Senator for the Twenty-First Senate District, composed of the counties of Oswego and Madison.

Also to be elected in said county: Three Members of Assembly; three School Commissioners; a Special County Judge, in the place of John Preston; a Spectra. Surrogate, in the place of William H. Kenyon; a Sheriff in the place of Henry H. Lyman; a District Attorney, in the place of John J. Lamore; a County Treasurer, in the place of Luther H. Conklin; a Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Horace Scripture; two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Frank W. Squires and Andrew S. Coey. All whose terms of office will expire on the 1st day of December next.

Respectfully yours,  
DIEDRICH WILLERS, JR., Secretary of State.

## THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

And the best of all is that it is free of charge to all who are interested in the deaf-mute community. It is a paper for the deaf-mutes, and by the deaf-mutes. It is a paper for the deaf-mutes, and by the deaf-mutes. It is a paper for the deaf-mutes, and by the deaf-mutes.

## A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

## The Journal for 1875.

BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

## WILL DEPARTMENT EVERY BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS KIND ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

Frank Leslie's Paper Fall

Timothy

Correspondence

Correspondence

Correspondence

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Correspondence

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Our Claudia.  
Death kissed our bud,  
And chilled its life-like rose the flower bloomed;  
Like wasting wreaths of snow  
It faded, drooped into the tomb.  
As dew drops from the opening rose,  
As dying notes at close of day,  
As shadows vanish from our sight,  
Our opening blossom passed away.  
Its fragrance in the shrine of love  
We will enshrine and hold forever,  
And memory's gentle touch the power,  
Which shall unvail its dearest treasure.  
One joy with us remains;  
The love which binds us to thee still,  
Time's changes or the hand of Death  
Can never touch or chill.  
HATTIE.

#### Facts and Fancies.

A shirt on your back is worth two in the bush.  
An astronomer can discover more wonderful things with one eye than most men can with two.  
Newspapers wrapped around ice in a refrigerator, several thicknesses, will help to keep and preserve it.  
It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.  
A tourist was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat the most, replied, "When I was going to Berne."  
It is not so extraordinary that Nebuchadnezzar lived on grass. We know of hundreds upon hundreds who live on the turf.  
Some scholars in the normal school at Westfield, Mass., turned violets green by dipping them in ammonia, and tricked the botanical teacher into a lecture about the apparent discovery of a new flower.  
The Indianapolis News has found out how the sex of that man in Europe who went in woman's clothes was discovered. He inadvertently said "Thank you," when a gentleman gave up his seat in a street car.  
Mistress—"Let you go to the evening school, Mary? Why, I thought you could read?" "Well, m'am, I does know my letters fas rate so long as they keep all in a row, but just as soon as they gets mixed up into words, I'm beat."

A department for the Feeble Islanders is to be reserved at the Centennial. They have not been requested to send any of their goods and specimens of art, but just to come along in their every-day clothes. They will be art enough in themselves.  
A man in Medina, Ohio, while riding in procession behind his wife's remains the other day, overwhelmed with grief, had sufficient strength to stop the procession and jump out of the carriage to pick up a knife which he detected in the road.  
In a newspaper office in Australia there was at one time a tablet informing visitors that the editor could only be spoken to during business hours by purchasing tickets of admission at the door. The price was ten shillings for half an hour's talk.

A famous auctioneer, after exhausting the language of praise in extolling a certain gentleman's park which had to fall under his hammer, said he was bound, as an honest man, not to conceal the drawbacks to the property, which were the litter made by the rose leaves and the perpetual din kept up by the nightingales.  
One of the Siamese ambassadors, on returning home from Europe, gave the following description of a piano-forte, or as he called it, "a great trunk set upon legs." He said "A woman sits in front of this, and tickling a sort of tail it has with her toe, produces a variety of sounds by beating rapidly with her fingers on a number of lites of ivory in front of it."

She stepped into the car radiant with youth, and looking cool and bright in her flower-trimmed hat and speckled suit of linen. Four young men immediately offered her their seats; she accepted one with an entrancing smile and instantly gave it to a poor, wan, little old woman who had been standing for ten blocks. Whereupon the young men did not know whether to get up again or not, and tried their best not to look foolish.

#### Assessors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors of the town of Mexico have completed their assessment roll for the present year, and that a copy thereof is left with the undersigned, Lyman Robbins, at his dwelling house, in said town, where the same may be seen and examined by any of the inhabitants of said town, during twenty days from the date of this notice. And that the said Assessors will meet at Mayo's Hall, in said town, on the 17th day of August next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to review their assessments, on the application of any person conceiving himself aggrieved. Dated Mexico, July 15, 1875.

S. B. FORD,  
LYMAN ROBBINS,  
F. G. SMITH,  
Assessors of the Town of Mexico.

#### Pulaski Academy.

Full term begins Aug. 23, 1875. A full course of thorough, experienced and successful teachers. Tuition in Common English, \$6. Board in Academy, per week, \$2.75; those not using tea and coffee, \$2.50; five day boarders, \$2.00. Send for circulars.  
S. DUFFY, A. M., Principal,  
Pulaski, July 23, 1875. 39-4

For Stoves go to Brooks.

## NEW STORE!

The undersigned has just opened a new store in the  
PHENIX BLOCK, MEXICO  
One door west of B. S. STONE & CO'S Hardware Establishment. He intends keeping a full stock of all kinds of

## FANCY AND DRY GOODS,

Such as  
ALPACAS, BRILLIANTINES  
POPLINS, PONGEES,

Hosieries,  
BROWN & BLEACHED  
GOODS.

And all kinds of

## DRESS GOODS.

Worsted, Mottos, and Very  
Fine Silks.

Best Two Button  
Kid Gloves for \$1.

And all other goods in proportion.

Frank Leslie's Paper Patterns.

Will make a specialty of

Paisly Shawls,  
Cloak  
AND  
Dress  
Trimmings,  
AND

## Mourning Goods.

He has also a fine and cheap assortment of  
FLANNELS,  
And wishes to say to the public that he will procure on the shortest notice, and at the lowest terms anything in the line of mourning, and the like.

C. B. CHAPMAN & SON,  
Mexico, April 24, 1875.

## RAILROAD MILLS

Is the place to go for your  
FLOUR & FEED,

Where there is kept constantly on hand a stock of

FLOUR of all Grades, MEAL,  
Shorts, Ships, Midds,  
Screenings, Graham  
Flour, Rye Flour,  
Cracked Corn

And everything pertaining to the trade. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. Having put in NEW MACHINERY, we are prepared to give entire satisfaction in all the branches of

## Custom Grinding

Persons living in the corporation who wish to order Flour and Feed of us can rely on having their orders promptly filled by  
Leaving their orders at VIRGIL'S BOOK STORE.

Give us a call. Send in your orders.  
L. ROBBINS & SON  
Mexico, Sept. 10, 187 45

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

P. F. S.  
The above letters signify,

"Perfect Fitting Shirt."

The result has been attained by

John Ould,

Cor. West First & Bridge Sts., Oswego.

CHARACTERISTICS:  
1. Best Material.  
2. Perfect Fit.  
3. Superior Manufacture.  
4. Durability.  
5. Latest Styles.

These results are assured  
In All Cases by Personal Supervision  
OF EVERY GARMENT MADE.

31st

## Wall Paper

Having largely increased my stock, I am now prepared to offer to the public first-class goods at the very

## LOWEST PRICES

NO one should fail to see my stock who contemplates cleaning house and

Papering in Spring

## REMEMBER

That paper is much cheaper this spring than ever before. I am selling that formerly sold for fifteen cents for

1 Shilling per Roll

My Stock comprises not only a large assortment of common paper, but

Satins, Tints, Gilt, Embossed Hand, With border to match, Decorations, &c.

Also,

## CURTAINS

FROM THE CHEAP PAPER TO THE FINEST GILT BAND.

Holland's Fixtures, &c.

## LOOK

At my CARPET PAPER before putting down your carpets



All paper bought of me trimm FREE OF CHARGE.

L. L. VIRGIL,  
Mexico, April 7, 1874.

## C S N O W

Manufacturer of

## CARRIAGES,

WAGONS,

Platform Spring Wagons

&c., &c.

Repairing done on most reasonable Terms.

Manufactory Main street, opposite Foundry.

## CLARK PICKENS

General Blacksmith  
PARISH, N. Y.

SHOP NEAR THE DEPOT.  
Special attention given to

Horse Shoeing and Ox Shoeing.  
Mr. Pickens has the only convenience for shoeing in this vicinity. Terms low. Work well done and no unnecessary delay by waiting, as Mr. Pickens intends to be at his shop constantly.

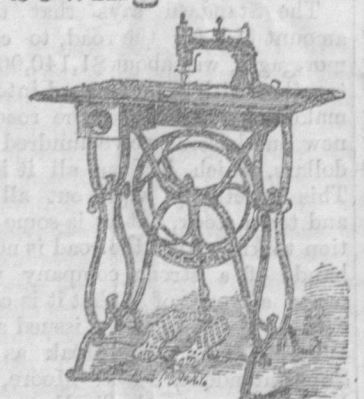
Parish, July 18, 1873. 38

## New Idea!

## WILSON

SHUTTLE

## Sewing Machine



FOR

50 Dollars!!

FARMERS,

MERCHANTS,

MECHANICS,

AND

EVERYBODY

Buy the World-Renowned

WILSON

Shuttle Sewing Machine!

THE

BEST IN THE WORLD!

The Highest Premium was awarded to it at

VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair;  
Northern Ohio Fair;  
Amer. Institute, N. Y.;  
Cincinnati Exposition;  
Indianapolis Exposition;  
St. Louis Fair;  
Louisiana State Fair;  
Mississippi State Fair;  
and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE

BEST SEWING MACHINES,  
and doing the largest and best range of work. All other Machines in the Market were in direct

## COMPETITION!!

For Hemming, Felling, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

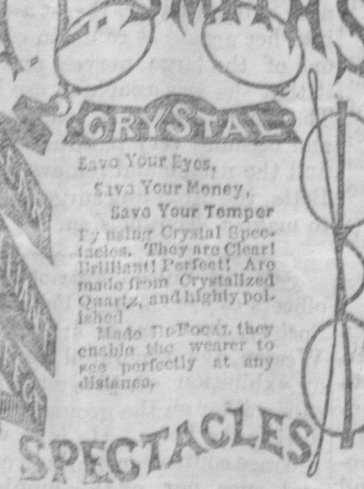
Agents Wanted

A DISCOUNT

Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

CLARK AND SONS,

E. M. ANDREWS,  
General Agent for Oswego County,  
163 Water Street, OSWEGO, N. Y.



For sale by R. L. ALFRED,  
Mexico, N. Y.

## THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

## A PAPER

FOR THE

## DEAF & DUMB.

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

## The Journal for 1875,

WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

DEPARTMENT EVERY BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS KIND WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

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Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful medicine that ever sustained the sinking

person can take these Bitters going to directions, and remain long healthy, provided their bones are not decayed by mineral poison or other vices, and vital organs wasted beyond

• Bilious, Remittent and Inter-

mittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Kentucky, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon those various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no medicine so safe and so effective as Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Troubles of the Throat, Hiccoughs, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Belching in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Serofula, or King's Evil, Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Goiter, Scrophulous Inflammations, tettered Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Throat, etc. etc. are in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers, in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermitent Fevers, Discharges of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases. Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and others, as they advance in life, are subject to painful eruptions of the Skin, Sore Throat, etc. etc. take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Itches, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworm, Itch, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, etc. etc. Discolorations of the Skin, Humors, Diseases of the Skin of whatever name, are literally dug up and carried off the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

For Tapeworm and other Worms, in the system of so many thousands, are literally destroyed and removed. No medicine, no vermifuge, no anthelmintic will free the system from worms so these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or married or single, at the onset of winter, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,  
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California,  
and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.  
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

## FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

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